## ON THE TURN

Realistic Reminiscence.

slated from the Russian by Henry Jordan.]



Russians," Boris Mirskow persisted, lolling lazily in his chair, "just as I said, regular devils, half human, half civilized; our brains, even, are not constructed as other people's; we are ferocious, passionate, and have a way of regard-

ing, nay, a way of treating things that amazes even those that know as well." "And you say this of your own country and looked at him, that big, blonde, tender-hearted, Parisianized Muscovite, with the face of a

woman and the courage of a lion. "I do. I do." repeated he. "Listen and I will prove it; it is a thing I don't talk of often, nor think of, either-more than I can help," he added seriously. "The Prince de B-, you knew him, I think, by reputation, at least, a confirmed invalid nailed to his chair, but the most inveterate of gamblers, who lived but for the gratification of his absorbing passion. Always cool, always patient, past master, in short, of the gaming art, and particularly of the intricacies of ccarte-that fascinatingly bewildering game in which the player finds himself evenly balanced between skill and the turns of chance. A Von Moltke of cards, you know, as the Princess, his wife, was a Von Moltke of social finesse and flirtation. You recall her, of course?

"Of course: who does not?" "But not, doubtless, as you were absent at the time, the story of her husband's death, and my brief promotion to favor-I, her twentieth adorer, yes, fully that, even counting out those who figured simply on the suspected list. Still, heaven forbid that I reproach her-with such a protector, and living the life she didfor drifting with the current, like the rest of

her idle, fashionable set. " Neither did the Prince appear to object to the character of his wife's amusements, accepting everything with the emotionless passivity of a philosopher, and seeming to see nothing "Life is like cards,' he declared, indifferently; 'one is not robbed who does not know that he is cheated.'

not cheated at all, for the Prince, like the rest of us, knew that while the Princess behaved badly in one way, she behaved well in another; no scandal ever touched her, and she simply leaped from fancy to fancy with the ease and grace of an accomplished prestidigitateur.

Behold, then, the situation: a husband a Von Moltke of the gaming art, a wife a Robert Houdin of affaires du cœur, and a final catastrophe brought about by the malevolence -this goes without saying-of another woman.

"The Princess de B- at the time, when, as I say, I had been taken into favor and sighed (presumably) at her feet, had in her service, as femme de chambre and body-guard, a young girl by the name of Olga, a tzigane, devoted as a fettered panther-yes, devoted, but still a panther. Why, I cannot say, for I have never known the cause; but I was satisfied that this girl detested me with an intensity of hate that showed itself in every look and gesture, every dart and flash of her vellow, tigerish eyes, "When I spoke of my belief to the Princess

I was laughed at for my pains. "One evening, as Olga came, as usual, to open the door of the private entrance by which all favored visitors were admitted to the Princess's shrine, a little blue-and-silver salon back of the state suite, she stopped me at the thres-

"'I have something to say to you, Mon. Mirskow,' said she, arrogantly; 'something important, and you must listen.' "'Eh bien,' said I; 'go on.'

"'It is this-you must no longer come to see my mistress, the Princess de B--. "My answer was a burst of laughter.

"'I mean it,' she insisted, with a threatening

flash of the wicked eyes; 'why, does not matter, but you must come here no more.' "Believing that she had drunk too freely of koumyss, or was out of her head, I pushed her aside-gently, of course, indulgent to her supposed condition-and made my way unan-

nounced to the Princess's presence, hearing, as I passed from sight, Olga savagely calling after me:
"'You will repent this, Mon. Mirskow; repent it bitterly!' "An hour later, perhaps, as I was still laughing over the scene with the Princess, sitting

beside her on the great fur-covered divan or throne, on which it was her caprice to always receive her courtiers, a sudden clamor rose in the bondoir that adjoined and separated the petit salon we occupied from the main salon beyond it. It sounded like the snarling and

struggling footsteps. "'The Prince, my husband!' cried Mme, de B-, amazed and springing to her feet. 'What in the world has happened?' "Meanwhile the clamor was coming closer; we could plainly now hear the Prince's voice

protesting angrily: "'You are mad, mad I tell you; positively crazy. Stop; go away; let me alone! But above all else the furious falsetto of a woman's

"'You shall, you shall see!' it persisted; 'you and every one else shall see! He is there-

her feet, Madame's lover!' "And with a furious push the door leading into the room was thrown back, a crowd of people, guests and servants of the house, stood on the threshold, and in the midst of them Olga, the tzigane, with the Prince de B- held aloft in

her arms like an infant. "Everything had passed so quickly that I had had no time, even had I dreamed of it, to make my escape. I was trapped, and worse than all, trapped in a false situation. One glance and I comprehended everything. That wretched girl had gone straight to her master with a story of how his wife amused herself, and in a fit of wild rage at his refusal to listen to or credit her, she had picked him up bodily

and by main force brought him here to confirm "Have you seen it, my Prince, have you seen it at last, my Prince?' she shricked, as she flung him like a leaf upon a chair.

"Take her in custody,' was the Prince's reply, pointing to Olga and addressing the Mou-jik Guards who had run at the noise, 'and keep her safe till I can send her to the mines. As for you, Monsieur,' turning to me, when the room was cleared of all save the two or three friends whom he had signed to remain with him, 'I have still this business to settle with you. Stop,' continued he, when I attempted to speak, 'explanations are needless and useless, for the reason that the publicity given this thing by the woman, who has doomed herself to a living grave, is such that, no matter how absolutely innocent of wrong, or intent to wrong, you may be, you must be punished the same as if guilty. It is the law of that world-your world and mine-which under the circumstances gives me-did it please me to avail myself of it-the right to your life, It does not please me, however, though I shall demand from you, in another way, the fullest

stonement.' "Honestly," continued Boris, "worried though I was, I could have found it in my heart to laugh at this; for, of course, atonement, as he styled it, for satisfaction of the world, could mean but one thing-a duel, and a duel with an invalid, who could wield neither sword nor pistol, was a farce that would render me ridiculous. The Prince, reading my

thoughts, smiled bitterly." "'No, Monsieur,' said he, 'I am neither as mad nor as generous as I seem. The duel I proffer you is possible and feasible both, as you cards from the smoking-room, Njadinks,' addressing one of the gentlemen who still stood beside him, 'and place me at a table. Now, Mon.

" Willingly."

"'So be it; and now, how many points?' "'Five, even.' And the game began under the eyes of two witnesses and the Princess, until now an absolutely silent and passive spectator, too proud to utter a word that might be thought an effort to defend herself, and too well aware of her husband's character not to know that she must submit to whatever consequences her foolish imprudence had brought

"After all, Michel," said Boris, reflectively, 'the temperament of a professional coquet is pretty much the same as a gambler's. They take the most blood-curdling risks, and stand results with the stoicism of a martyr. With two lives-because of her-hanging simply upon the turn of a bit of painted pasteboard, Elza, Princess de B-, was as emotionless as a woman of marble."

"The Prince was unquestionably my superior at the game, but luck somehow, at first, seemed to favor me in the most surprising way. Soon we were four to-

"Stop; you needn't go on. I know the rest-you, Boris, are here; the Prince, there-

"Lost? Not a bit of it; the Prince won!' "How thedence, then ?-Bah!" This was too absurd, and I snapped my fingers contemptuonsly, thinking that, after all, Mirskow, despite his reputed bravery, had been a coward countrymen?" said I, and I laughed as I and gone back because he knew that his adversary could not enforce them on the terms of the wager.

"Don't jump at conclusions, Michel, mon ami," and Boris smiled maliciously; "wait till the end before you condemn. The Prince, as I said before, so far from losing the game, won, and after a battle in which, I frankly confess, I did my best to come off conqueror, for no one, my boy, even a Cesar in courage, cares to give up his life at any time, much less for the sake of a coquet who kept an open shrine for all the vows that could be laid upon it.

"The Prince won, yet I'm here-hold on, hold on, one moment," as I started up impatiently, and turned to leave him, ashamed of the interest I had taken in what was evidently one of his usual jokes, "read this, which reached me the next day, 15 minutes before the stroke of 12, and just as I was fitting into my pistol the cartridge that was to blow out

And he hurriedly drew out his pocketbook, and extended me something that he had taken from its folds. It was an ace of hearts, across the back of

which were penciled the following lines: "'To Comte Boris de Mirskow: According, Mon. le Comte, to my theory and belief, many times expressed before you, one is not hurt who does not know that he is robbed. Nevertheless, from this time on, it will be impossible for me to touch cards. I have dishonored them, and to live without cards is, for me, equally impossible. In plain words, then, Mon. le Comte, yesterday, for the first and last time in my life. I cheated-I cheated you! We were four and four; I made this ace vanish. "So resigned a state of mind concerning his You will pardon me, for the reason that when wife," continued Boris, laughing a little, "un- it reaches you the terms of our duel will have doubtedly born of the certainty that he was been carried out, and the Prince de B-have

"A suicide brought about," de Mirskow concluded gravely, "brought about, according to the world, by a painful and crippled existence. The scene in the palace, for the sake of all concerned, was scrupulously guarded by those that had witnessed it. Olga was in the mines secure from further mischief, and the Princess did not talk, you may rest assured."

DEATH PRESENTIMENTS.

Gen. Fitz-John Porter Tells of Several In-

stances. [N. Y. Press.]

"I recall an incident in the Mexican War,' said Gen. Fitz-John Porter, "which impresses me even to this day.

"It was at the siege of the City of Mexico. On Sept. 12, 1847, Battery G, 4th Art., of which I was Second Lieutenant, with heavy guns, had fired all day at the Castle of Chapultepec, defended by Mexican artillery and infantry, preparatory to its being stormed by our infantry the next day. After sundown the storming party of infantry (Regular troops) passed our battery to take their positions for the night, so as to be ready for an early attack in the morning. Capt. Drum and First Lieut. Benjamin, of my battery, and myself spoke to and encouraged our friends and their gallant comrades as they marched by us. All were confident of victory, and all were cheerful except my friend, Lieut, Gantt. He was particularly despondent, and, in reply to my salutation, exclaimed, with a farewell wave of his hand,

Good-by, Porter; I will never see you again.' "His words were prophetic. Among the very first of the brave fellows who led the storming party was Lieut. Gantt, fearlessly facing the fate he had predicted. He was one

of the first of our men to be killed. "That night Capt. Drum, Lieut. Benjamin and myself were sitting in Capt. Drum's tent. Capt. Drum was quite despondent, and his appearance and features denoted that he had experienced a premonition of death. Finally he said to me, 'Porter, I wish you to go out for a moment. I don't expect to live through the fight to-morrow, and I want to arrange with Benjamin, who will be my successor, my private affairs, and I prefer to be alone with him."

"Benjamin shared Drum's premonition, and be answered: 'Oh, Drum, let Porter remain. I, too, expect to be killed in the battle tomorrow.

crying of some angry animal and the scuffle of "I had no such feeling, and I responded in as cheerful a tone as possible: 'Captain, don't borrow trouble. As I do not anticipate any injury, I think you had better tell us both your wishes.' He was persistent, however, and I left the tent, and never knew what his last wishes were.

"The next morning, and after the taking of the Castle of Chapultepec, we moved along the narrow road leading into the City of Mexico at the fortified gate, named Garita de Belin, in the middle of which was the arched aqueduct which supplied the city with water there, I tell you, in Madame's salon, sighing at snd which afforded us some protection from the sweeping direct and also flank artillery and infantry fire of the enemy.

"On the way I was struck by a spent cannonshot and knocked from my horse, being rendered temporarily unfit for duty. Drum at once rushed to me and picked me up, exclaiming: 'Hello! Porter. You said nothing would happen to you; don't be too sure.' 'Don't fear for me,' I answered. 'I hope you won't meet with any worse accident.' But he was still certain that he would be killed, for he replied: 'Good-by, I will not see you again.' And he bravely rushed on to help gain the victory we sought, despite the conviction that he would be a victim.

"Though delayed but a short time by my fall, when I had remounted and rejoined my battery I found the Garita de Belin in our possession and our battery in advance battering the citadel held by Mexican infantry and artillery, whose fire, but 200 yards away, was concentrated upon the guns in charge of Drum and Benjamin. Almost immediately our battery was crippled, Drum and Benjamin and First Serg't Baldwin mortally wounded, and 27 out of 30 men killed or wounded. Every one of these brave men was a grand hero. No braver, nobler, and heroic soldiers ever lived or ever fought better. As for Drum and Benjamin, despite their premonitions of certain death, they coolly, bravely and heroically exposed themselves to that terrific fire without a thought of fear, intent upon driving the enemy from our front to gain the victory we

"I have known personally of many cases where men on the eve of battle have experienced premonitions of their death the next day, and in every instance have their forebodings been realized. I never experienced such a feeling, though every soldier who enters a battle realizes to a greater or less degree the dangers of death."

The 37th N. J.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In giving the history of the Tenth Corps, in the issue of Dec. 22, in the Third Brigade, Third Division, you designate my regiment (37th N. J.) as the 37th U. S. C. T. I think this is a mistake, as the 37th N. J. was a white regiment, although we were placed in a colored brigade.-JOSEPH BRYANT.

Stamford, Conn. The 37th N. J. was a 100-days organization, raised early in May, 1864, and mustered out in will see in a moment. Bring me a pack of September, 1864, and consequently was not in They were very expert in caring for an elk or and me watch isn't going." service in April, 1865, when the Tenth Corps was organized, to which the 37th U. S. C. T. belonged. The 37th N. J. served with the Army de Mirskow,' motioning me with a perfectly of the James during its short period of service, calm and affable air to place myself opposite to and was only temporarily borne on the returns distant, and readily overtook them if their serhim, 'we will play together a game of ecarte, of the corps as unattached; i. e., it was never | vices were needed. They seemed to know exthe stakes to be the life of the loser. If luck assigned to either of the brigades or divisions a man of honor, you will blow out your service with the siege train under Col. Henry ishing, and they seem weighted down, but they Tal tal" goes against you, before 12 o'clock to-morrow, of the corps. It seems to have rendered some

THE LIFE OF A SQUAW

Condition Woman's Indians.

BY COL. ALBERT G. BRACKETT, U. S. A., RETIRED.



SQUAW'S life is not generally supposed to be a very happy one. She is reared amid hardships, and has to work hard from the time she is able to do so. She learns from her mother the ways of doing, and all things pertaining to an In-

singular beliefs, as may be supposed, leading the wild life she does, and her close intimacy with the dark forests and winding rivers, where all is so untamed. The tepec or lodge in which many hours are passed is not particularly pleasant and bright, the smoke at times filling the whole interior, when all outside is cheerless, wet and gloomy. Then the squaws busy themselves with beadwork, some of which shows great skill. In

life. She has many superstitions and

good weather they play games, and dress the too, they make good mats and baskets, to be used in their lodges. They always carry with them heavy butcher-knives, and when they go out to get wood take along squaw-axes, which are made purposely for them, and which they get from the traders. They are much lighter than ordinary axes, and such as they can easily handle. With these they can hew down a tree of ordinary size, and cut up such wood as they may need, in addition to cutting off the smaller branches of the cotton-wood trees, on which the horses feed in Winter.

Mexican women have been taken prisoners by the Indians and have spent their whole lives among them. When Wyoming Valley was laid waste during the Revolutionary War many prisoners were taken by the savages, and among the rest was Frances Slocum, who was a life-long captive. She had been so long with the red men when discovered that she had learned all of their ways, and looked and acted

like them. When the Indians decide upon moving to new ground the squaws take down all of the labor, the Indian men looking on with the utmost indifference. Under no circumstances would they assist in any way, as it would be considered unmanly and unbecoming; the women must do it all themselves. While moving they trudge along on foot, leading a horse, with perhaps a papeose strapped to her back. She is taught to put up the lodges, spread the mats same served; third, how many battles in which and skins on the ground, and in general way to | engaged; fourth, the list of killed and wounded; make them as comfortable as nossible

But, still, the women get together and indulge in a great deal of talking, after the manner of | Columbus, O. their white sisters, appearing to enjoy themselves very well. They have their friends, and done in a rough sort of a way, dried meat being a staple article, and needing but little cooking. In the West, especially in Nevada, the Indians kill thousands and thousands of rabbits, which they freeze, and keep in this way for months and months together. The squaws gather many bushels of grass-seed in

their baskets, from which they make bread. Nothing can exceed the patience with which the squaws work when occasion requires it. They work all of the time, and the constant exercise makes them very strong. They can lift great weights, and bring home to their lodges large bundles of wood, which they carry on their back. Withal these women are modbands. Some Indian families are models of

The Indians themselves do not believe in punishing them, thinking it breaks their spirit. come good hunters among the boys, as well as the many secrets of the war-path. The girls are taught how to construct their lodge and then take care of it, almost everything connected with it being in their hands.

The interior of the lodge is partitioned off rugs, mats, and skins. The privacy can be complete if so desired, the apartment being light enough for all purposes. The fire is made in the center of the lodge, where all the cooking is done in bad weather, and in cold weather lodge, so as to make it very comfortable; besides this the lodge is placed among the bushes, to shield it as much as possible from the cold winds. All in all these may be considered comanother place without very much labor. Horses are used when the distance is consider-

In making a lodge the skins of buffaloes are used, or were used formerly, before the animals the skins, and the pieces are deftly sewed together, much time being consumed in the work. door. During the Winter much time is spent inside, when the Indians amuse themselves by telling ghost stories and relating incidents of the chase. The life to them is very real, and, like all barbarous people, they are firm bethey are afraid to roam about much after dark. the men, and they take pains to instil the bebrave, they are cowardly enough so far as ghosts | TIONAL TRIBUNE.]

and witches are concerned. When one of them get sick, he is supposed to be bewitched, and the medicine-man endeavors by all the means in his power to drive the witch out. All night long he keeps up his incantations, and early in the morning, having got the witch out of the body, drives it away out on the plain. The noise and drumming made by the medicine-man are hideous in the extreme, and almost enough to drive one wild, So, too, when one of them dies, the squaws are inconsolable in their grief, and their lamentations such as to make a dreadful din. Their wails are heard afar, and sound fearful enough in the stillness of the night; the dogs, too, join in the chorus, and sometimes the wolves, leav-

ing nothing to make the mourning complete. In the way of sewing the squaws can do some very fine, and put on with a great deal of taste. Some of the buckskin hunting shirts of the way, and are worth a good deal of money.

In the year 1876, the Shoshone Indians were absence. She managed matters very well showing herself to be a woman of good sense, and in every way capable of attending to business. There were no men in camp, and the women took charge of a large herd of horses belonging to the band. Moreover, they maintained good order, drawing their rations from the Government regularly, and Washakee's wife seeing that everything was kept in good

She knew that she had only to call upon the commanding officer of the fort, and he would help her, in case any straggling war party of enemies made their appearance. She had perfect confidence in herself, and the other women of her Nation looked up to her. She was far superior to the average run of Indian women and felt her superiority. All business affairs were at once referred to her, and her decision. was final, and always, so far as is known, correct. Washakee had a good deal of wealth, from an Indian's standpoint, much of which had been accumulated by following his wife's udgment in business affairs on the reserva-

When war parties started out it was not ons tomary to take the squaws, though this was | fel-that you? sometimes done. It was not thought that they could keep up with the warriors, but on hunting expeditions they frequently went out, to skin the dead game and take care of the meat. deer, dressing the skin in a most satisfactory manner, every part was utilized, and none of it | too?" wasted. The squaws always know where to find the hunters, though they might be miles | Gawge! Ha! ha! ha! That'll do to tell at actly where to go.

ont mine. You accept the conditions?' TRIBUNE.] L. Abbott, 1st Conn. H. A.—EDITOR NATIONAL do everything cheerfully, their good-nature seeming to seldom desert them. The whole of

the drudgery of camp seems thrown on them, the Indians themselves deeming it beneath them to do anything sicept going on the warpath, hunting, fishing, and playing games. They can endure a great deal when required to do so, but usually take life very easily, not ex-

erting themselves very much.

The squaws make the clothing out of buckskin, showing a good deal of ingenuity. They dress the skins, and do it well, and furnish plenty for the beds, which in Winter are warm and cozy, having several layers of moss and leaves, making them soft and pleasant. They sit on them during the daytime when conversing or playing games, of which they are very

Many of these squaws made good wives, and helped their husbands all that lay in their power. It is all a mistake to suppose the Indians have no affection; they have a great deal, and are particularly fond of their children. No parents can be more kind.

The Indian woman who has left her name connected with the history of Virginia is Pocahoutas, who was always a good friend of the whites. Probably she is better known than any other squaw. She was, as is well known, the daughter of Powhatan, a powerful Indian chief. Her romantic history is familiar to every one. In 1612, after Capt. John Smith had left the Colony, she was for a bribe betrayed into the hands of the English, and retained as a prisoner, that better terms of peace might be made with her father. He offered a large amount of corn for his daughter, but before this negotiation was completed a different and more interesting one had commenced. A mutual attachment had sprung up between her and John skins of animals which have been killed. Then, Rolfe, an Englishman of good character, and with the consent of Powhatan they were married. This event restored peace, and secured it for many years.

Pocahontas soon made professions of Christianity, and a beautiful picture of her baptism now adorns the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, painted by Chapman, the artist. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, from whose daughter is descended some most respectable families in Virginia. The influence of Pocahontas was always good, and she was one of the most remarkable women ever reared on the soil of America.

Among enlightened people it is the ladies who pay the greatest attention to their dress, and who are the most beautifully arrayed. Not so the Indians, the young braves indulging in their passion for finery, and presenting at times a very handsome appearance. Their horse is painted as well as themselves, and seems to be conscious that he is taking part in a grand affair as he moves about through the Indian village, while the Indian is singing with great | citizen, who holds his tenure of office only by earnestness and decorum. He is the pride of tents, wrap up the bundles, and do all the his people, and no wonder, for he is exquisitely deprive of their little stipend for trying to appareled.

The 17th Pa. Cav. and 65th Ohio.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I would like to know-first, the length of service of the 17th Pa. Cav.; second, under whose command the also, the same questions answered in regard to 65th Ohio. - James L. Woods, Co. A, 65th Ohio,

on the 18th of October, 1862, with Josiah H. Kelseem to get along admirably. The cooking is logg as Colonel, and moved to Washington Nov. 25, but was soon ordered to the front, reaching Occoquan shortly after. It had a fight with Hampton's Legion on the 22d of December. driving and pursuing the rebels across Occoquan Creek. On the 28th of December, in conjunction with the 2d Pa, Cav., they fell in with Stuart's command, and being overpowered were obliged to recross Neabsop Creek. In the Spring of 1863 the regiment was assigned to the Second Brigade, First Cavalry Division, in which it served throughout its term, taking part in the battles of Chancellorsville, Beverly, and Kelly's Ford, June 9, 1863; Middleburg, the Gettysburg campaign, Boonsboro, Raccoon Ford, Morton's Ford, Stevensburg, Brandy Station, Oak est and well behaved, and true to their hus- | Hill, Bealton Station, Rickeysville, Mine Run, Kilpatrick's raid to Richmond, Spottsylvania good behavior, and contain well-behaved chil- Courthouse, Todd's Tavern, Beaver Dam Stadren, though the children receive very little tion, Yellow Tayern, Meadow Bridge, New Castle Ferry, Old Church Tavern, Cold Harbor, Trevilian Station, White House Landing, Jones's Bridge, Charles City Courthouse, Ruf-Certain things they are taught, as how to be- | fin's House, Newtown, Front Royal, Kearnysville, Shepherdstown, Smithfield, White Post, Berryville, Buncetown, Crossing of the Opequan, Bunker Hill, Stevenson's Station, Winchester, White's Ford, Sheridan's raid on the James River Canal, Stony Creek, Appenattox Courthouse. It was mustered out of service into what may be called rooms, by means of June 16, 1865. A detachment of the regiment was retained in service until Aug. 7, 1865, and consolidated with the 1st and 6th Pa. Cav., forming the 2d Provisional Pa. Cav. The regiment lost six officers and 98 men killed or died of wounds, and 128 men died of disease, accithis fire gives out heat enough to warm the dents, in prison, etc. The 65th Ohio was or-Dec. 18 for Kentucky, where it was assigned to Harker's Brigade, of Wood's Division, and acfortable habitations, and can be transported to late to take part in that battle, the 65th only losing two men wounded. The 65th was under fire during the siege of Corinth, able, and the dogs are made to do their share. after which it marched on the long and arduous Summer campaign under Buell. At Stone River it fought in Harker's Brigade, Wood's were all killed; now canvas takes the place of | Division, Crittenden's Corps, losing 35 killed, 100 wounded, and 38 missing out of 382 engaged. It was in the advance on Chattanooga, Very little rain gets through, a large flap, on and in the battle of Chickamauga lost 14 killed, which there is a heavy weight, serving as a | 71 wounded, and 18 missing. In October, 1863, Harker's Brigade was placed in Newton's Division, Fourth Corps, in which command the 65th fought through the Atlanta campaign and the campaign against Hood in Tennessee, the 65th fighting at Spring Hill, Franklin, lievers in witchcraft and ghosts, and frighten and Nashville. The regiment was retained each other as much as possible, insomuch that | in service until Nov. 30, 1865. It is one of the 300 fighting regiments given by Col. Fox, and The squaws are as firm believers in ghosts as lost eight officers and 114 men killed or died of wounds, and six officers and 129 men died of lief into their children. Though personally disease, accidents, in prison, etc.-EDITOR NA- indulged in by that class of men, until the sub-

Gen. William H. French. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I notice in your issue of Dec. 22, under head of "Composition of Armies at Battle of Fair Oaks or Seven Pines." the name of Brig.-Gen. William H. French appears as commanding Third Brigade, First Division, Second Corps. Can you give a short sketch of his military service, and what regiment he went out in, and where he is now? -DANIEL W. KEAN, Co. I, 111th Pa., Atlantic,

[Gen. Wm. H. French graduated from the Military Academy July 1, 1837, and was apappointed Second Lieutenant, 1st Art. He took part in the Florida and Mexican wars, and was brevetted Captain for gallantry at the battle of very nice work with their awls and deer | Cerro Gordo. At the breaking out of the war he was Captain of the 1st Art., and abandoned Fort Duncan, Tex., and embarked his command to reinforce Forts Jefferson and Taylor, young men are made very handsome in this Fla., early in 1861. He was promoted Brigadier-General of Volunteers Sept. 28, 1861, and Major-General Nov. 29, 1862, and was mustered out of out with the soldiers against the Sioux, and | the volunteer service May 6, 1864, and took Washakee's wife had charge of the Indian command at Fort Henry, Md., as Lieutenantcamp, near Fort Washakee, during that chief's | Colonel, 2d Art., to which rank he had been promoted during the war. He was brevetted Brigadier and Major-General for gallant and distinguished services during the war. He was retired in 1890, and died May 20, 1881 .- New Cumberland, W. Va. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

> Money Loaned to Banks. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please inform me as to the amount of money loaned to bankers during Cleveland's Administration from the United States Treasury Department, and the conditions of said loan, -D. B. CALDWELL, Vickery, O.

[The amount varied, the average during Cleveland's Administration being about \$60,-000,000. The highest amount at any time was \$62,000,000. The conditions were that the banks deposit in the Treasury United States bonds equalling amount loaned. The loans were without interest .- EDITOR NATIONAL TRIB-

"Clevah." [Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.] Mr. Chawley Sissybud-Haw, Gawge, old

"So long, you clevah dog, you!"

"Haw, thanks!"

Mr. St. Gawge Nobranes—Haw, Chawley, deah boy! Glad to see you—hanged if I ain't! "Thanks awfully, old fel. What time is it, Gawge? I've an invitation to dinnah at seven Why, Chawley, wasn't your watch invited, "Ha! ha! ha! Douced if that isn't clevah,

ers, 725; reports and cases from Special Examiners, 645; cases on hand for special examinathe club or aftah dinnah. It's mighty clevah, old boy!" "Thanks, Chawley: a fellah rawther enjoys

TREASONABLEUTTERANCES An Iowa Comrade Advises what to do with Traitors.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Allow me to quote from the Memphis, (Tenn.) Commercial : There is a bitter prospect for the pensioned sutlers, sixty-day patriots, and heroic deserters, who have fattened on the people's money by the grace of the Republican party. The patriots who broke their legs jumping bounties, the in battles they never fought-these will not be in it any more. The \$13-a-month Hessian who hired himself out to shoot guns at folks before he knew the language of the country, can no longer get a pension for habitnal drunkenness contracted at the battle of Chickamauga. And the pension attorney, whose business it is to suborn perjury, and divide the swag with the perjurer, his occupation will

likewise be gone." Following this outburst of savage, unreconstructed, disunion, rebellious sentiment, I will call attention to another little item of more recent date, that seems so much in harmony with the Memphis Commercial's quotation. The item is the bill introduced in the House of Representatives (I think about the 14th of December) by one Antony, of Texas, to repeal the act of June 17, 1890, granting pensions to soldiers and sailors, and the widows, minor children, and dependent parents. The bill introduced by Antony also provides that all pensions granted under the act above named, 'shall be discontinued"!!

Fellow-comrades, if we hold our peace when such sentiments are boldly belched forth by Southern treason-stained scoundrels, the stones on 10,000 hills would cry out; yes, the graves of the dead heroes who fell in battle would yawn at us, and, methinks, those who were plunged into those hells of Andersonville, Libby, and Tyler, Tex., would certainly rise in their graves to rebuke us for our silence. There was once a Judas who betrayed the Savior of the world; only one, however. There was a Benedict Arnold who betrayed his country, but there was only one. It remains to be seen whether the world can produce two like Antony, of Texas; a Wilkes Booth, a Guiteau, lived not long after their deeds of assassination. Jefferson Davis was permitted to dwell a little while on earth, that his remorse might be hightened and made more dreadful by finding out and enduring the curses and the anathemas of his fellow-citizens in the Government he tried to destroy. But this bastard the magnanimity of those whom he now tries to save this Government from his dastardly treason, doubly discounts in meanness even Judas

Iscariot or Benedict Arnold. Can any man see by what right an unreconstructed rebel can have to say who shall be pensioned and who not? or even to say to how much he may be entitled? The terms on which his citizenship depends were given him at Appomattox. He was to return home, obey the aws of his country, and provide for his family. Have they obeyed the laws of their country? I let their bloody records answer. The only plea they can offer for their citizenship is the The 17th Pa. Cav. (162d Inf.) was organized unwise proclamation of an unwise President, made such by the assassin's bullet.

I propose that a bill be submitted to set aside that proclamation, and make all such men as it covered stand on their parole of honor. Perhaps some that now attach M. C. to their autographs might have, instead, a portion of hemp with a noose at one end as an attachment to adorn their necks instead of their

names. Comrades, who is there among the boys in blue that would not favor another Reunion in Washington, D. C., in 10 days from the date of the passage of this bill introduced by Antony, of Texas? If I mistake not the temper of the old soldier, when this bill is passed, and if signed by the President of the United States, there will be such a Reunion in the Capital that Uncle Sam never before saw; and that good old fellow will welcome us, will kill the fatted calf, and he will say to us: "All I have to-day, surplus and all, belongs to you men who saw me in the hands of thieves and robbers, when I was stripped naked by treason's bloody hand, and my flag trailed in the dirt and spit upon, you came by the 75,000, by the 300,000; yes, you came by the 600,000; and now, all I have and am is at your command; only keep and preserve me for future generations, as you have in the past: permit no traitor to pull the flag from its staff; permit no insult to go unrebuked, and see to it that the Constitution is handed down unimpaired to all future generations.

And I will add the words of Comrade Sickles at the late Reunion in Washington: "Vote for no man for President who opposes liberal pensions for soldiers and their dependents." And ganized in October, 1861, and left the State I will also add, Vote for no man for Congress, or for any place of profit or trust in this Government, that has committed or even sympacompanied Buell's army to Shiloh, arriving too | thized with treason.-R. B. SigaFoos, 28th Iowa, Fremont, lowa.

A PENSION-HATER.

How a Howler was Picked up by an Old Veteran. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When reading the numerous howlings of the pensionhaters and their cry that it is bankrupting the country paying out so much money to the old soldiers, reminds me of a story told me by one of my neighbors, who is also an old soldier, and a man of truth under all circumstances. He attended the National Encampment in Boston, and stopped in Vermont on his way home. While there he got to talking with one of those Democratic howlers about the great waste of money that the Government was making in paying pensions, and how it was ruining the country, besides all the usual nonsense that is ject seemed to be exhausted on his side. The old soldier made some remarks about the country, comparing it to the West, and a few other remarks, when the pension-hater suddenly started up, and said with a great deal of earnestness: " would not give a d- for this country if it was not for the money that the old soldiers spend here, after they receive their pensions.

would not stay here if it was not for that." "What," says the old soldier ; "I thought you were just denouncing the great waste of money in paying pensions, and that it was ruining the country and people, and wanting it stopped, and now you say that you would not live here if it was not for this same money being paid out here! How do you expect that the old soldiers can pay out this money that you are waiting for, and living here for, if the

soldiers in pensions?" Our Democratic soldier-and-pension-hater hung his head a moment, and then said: "Well, I never thought of it in that light before, but 'tis so." I wonder if there are any more like him?-W. N. HARRISON, Co. H, 10th N. Y. Cav., Sterling, Ill.

The Chinese Exclusion Bill.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please state the name of the Congressman who introduced the Chinese exclusion bill .- J. P. CHAMBERS,

[The bill was first introduced in the first session of the 47th Congress by Senator John F. Miller, of California. It was passed by the Senate May 9, 1882, and by the House March 23, and vetoed by President Arthur April 4 .-EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Work of the Pension Office. During the week ending Jan. 7, 1893, 3,908

claims were received, of which those filed for service since March 4, 1861, under acts prior to that of Jan. 29, 1887, were 195 original invalid, 277 original widows, 2 bounty land, 30 navy, 186 accrued, and 1,183 applications for increase; filed under act Jan. 27, 1887, Mexican war, 15 under act June 27, 1890, 445 original invalid, 256 original widows; applications for increase under same act, 687; under act July 27, 1892, Indian wars, 203; under act Aug. 5, 1892, Army Nurses, 3; prior applications under former acts and under act June 27, 1890, 426. Number of claims received to date under act

of June 27, 1890, 867,401. Claims disposed of to date under said act, 548,348. Number of rejected claims reopened, 294. The names and postoffice addresses of 3,165 comrades were furnished for the use of claimants. There were 75,217 pieces of mail matter received; 34,734 letters and blanks sent out. Number of cases detailed to Special Examin-

Report of certificates issued: Original, 2,174 increase, 2,236; accrued, 152; total, 4,562. Total number of claims pending, 766,774. Number of pensioners on roll Dec. 31, 1892,



The Directoire and Empire gowns are as much in favor as the 1830 costumes.

. . . Another revival of an old-fashioned style is to hang the muff from the neck by cords or ribbons-ribbons preferred. Ribbon half an inch wide and matching the costume is generally used, though black is always liked. There are also little silver or gold slides and catches provided now by the jewelers, to adjust these ribbons, but they are not yet very popular.

There were 500,000,000 hairpins manufactured last year.

. . .

It is always a mystery to a man that a woman can so easily distinguish her own from other hairpins. To him hairpins are mostly alike. Yet in these 500,000,000 there were many varieties of crinkle and crook, and much difference in size, from the invisible looped-ones, for the bangs, to the long, bent ones for the coils. A queer-shaped hairpin, that one girl claims is the only perfect kind, is rather short and thick and perfectly straight, except for a crinkle at the very ends. She says that it stays where it is put, but that seems improbable even for a perfect hairpin.

Jean Ingelow, the English poet, is very fond of plants and flowers, and does quite a deal of gardening around her home. She has extensive conservatories and receives her friends among the plants, serving tea to the visitors in pink egg-shell china cups.

The new shade of purple, "Eminence purple," as it is officially called, has been prettily dubbed "Penitential violet."

There are now belts made of metal flowers, pansies, lilies, wild roses, or fleur-de-lis, linked together into a girdle. They are very dainty, and much liked by the young girls.

It is wise to save old pieces of black silk for dress pockets, as there is no better material for this purpose.

pans and kettles and cooking-dishes first, and brushed before the actual dish-washing begins. seem more wholesome. Then the cooking things come first. This makes the end of the work easier than if, after the dishes are done up, all the fussy cleaning must be done. It is a system after that school of philosophy that says, do what is most disagreeable first and leave the pleasanter things until the last; a philosophy that works well in housekeeping, where all tasks, unpleasant and pleasant, must eventually be

A pretty and inexpensive frame can be made by first joining at the corners four narrow strips of wood-lathes will do-and then shirring over these Japanese crape or thin silk. A glazier will not charge much for cutting a glass to fit the frame, and with a piece of strong manilla paper firmly pasted over the back, the picture will be well protected from dust. Screweyes adjusted to the frame finish it.

. . . It is recorded that one woman very cleverly contrived a curtain to shut out an unpleasant view from one of her windows. The idea need not be confined to curtain windows that have not the pleasantest outlooks, but is in itself a pretty scheme. She took thin yellow silk and laid it where the shadows from a leafy vine fell over it. Then she painted in these shadows with soft gray colors. The effect must have been wonderfully dainty, but she must have been a very capable woman to have made a perfect success of the work.

Some women use common kitchen soap to wash their hair, afterward using a lather of perfumed soap. They find the process cleansing and not unpleasant. The strong soap suds must be rubbed in and out again quickly. Another hair wash that is recommended, is to use lather made from fine soap and thickened with a little glycerine and the white of an egg.

A young English girl of 17, the Princess

Marie, of Edinburg, rejoices in one of the

most magnificent trousseaus that ever has been seen in England. The descriptions of her gowns and cloaks remind one of the fairy-book princesses' gowns and cloaks, all velvets and satins, embroideries and costly furs, and jewels without end. Then there are nine dozen fine Government didn't first pay it out to the old | hand-embroidered handkerchiefs all marked | ville.' with the initial "M" and the royal crown, and nine dozen pairs of stockings, mostly silk ones, all marked and embroidered like the handkerchiefs. Nine dozen kandkerchiefs or silk stockings-fairly blissful proportions! Her bridal gown was very girlish. It was of heavy white corded silk, exquisitely embroidered around the hem with pearls and a little silver. It had no lace on it whatever. The skirt and train were in one piece, and the waist was belted in with a satin ribbon. The gown was lownecked and short-sleeved, as Roumanian etiquet demands. It had a berthe and short puffed sleeves of white velvet. There was a tulle vail held in front with a few orange blossoms and a small bunch of the flowers tucked in the belt to complete the simple, stately, marriage costume. The Princess, it is said, discovered that a collection was being taken up in Roumania to buy her a magnificent wedding present, and that the people were almost being forced to subscribe by the over-zealous promoters of the scheme. She wrote a letter to them asking that they "collect and expend the fund for some purpose beneficial to the country -that country whose weal or wee will now also be mine." It seems a very gracious and womanly letter for so young a girl. The man to whom she is married is said to not have half the spirit and strength of character of his young bride, and if that be so, she will have a

> A queer idea has been brought forth and embellished by Lady Flore Dixie, who it seems is interested in woman's progress, and writes articles about it. Her point is that women, in order to compete successfully with men in the professions and trades, must disguise themselves in the latter's garments. Clothed in masculine costume, they can use their skill and intelligence without hamper. She adds that she knows one woman who, thus disguised, has | marry young.

powerful career, if not a perfectly happy one.

...

become a ship-captain, and two others who are pilots. Fortunately we of America have proved that there are other ways of solving this problem of woman's work, and that occupations as masculine as piloting or being a ship-captain can be taken up and prospered in, by our women without any discarding of petticoats, laces and ribbons, or femininity.

A gown, with Directoire lapels and buttens and 1830 sleeves, is shown in the cut. The gown is of dark-blue serge, with lapels, buttons, belt, and cuffs of dark-blue velvet. The pointed vest-piece and straight-band collar are made of soft white silk. The sleeves are made with long folds falling from the shoulder to the elbow. The hat to be worn with the costume is a flat black felt, trimmed in front with loops and ends of heavy black silk ribbon.

. .

Ouida, in a recent magazine article, has been

denouncing society as frivolous, unworthy, and

demoralizing. She also finds fault with the way men dress, and it is reported that she said very mean things about women's clubs. It must be that this gifted writer has greatly frenzied her imagination, for no practical, sober-minded thinker but will say that society. whatever its faults may be, is growing more refined, intellectual, and worth while every year. Drunkenness, protracted dinners, intrigue, and other social vices are becoming less frequent. Furthermore, she says that all modern spectacles are spoiled by the attire of man, "the most frightful, grotesque, and disgraceful male costume that the world has ever seen." Now that is pretty strong language for so slight a matter, for, granting that masculine habiliments are severe in cut, dark in color, and unornamented, yet they are neat, graceful, and serviceable. The fact that the costume has remained nearly the same for 100 years proves its worth. It may be that it is because the eye is accustomed to them, or that one likes his fellow-men; but these same garments, generally. seem becoming and perfectly adapted to our manly men, while the pictured costumes, with ruffles and buckles, satin and velvet, of the olden-time gentlemen, though very pretty on the stage or in frames, would seem strangely out of place on our busy, democratic men. About women's clubs, she says that any work It may be a new theory, but it is an old prac- | which may be done in a woman's club is sure tice, at least with some women, to wash the to be childish and absurd, and that the less women know about each other the better. then the table dishes. It has, however, been | Now, that sounds like Ouida-the less women suggested as a new idea worth trial. Dish | know of each other the better. It is so annoy. washing-in itself a tiresome task-is always | ingly narrow-minded. But, then, Ouida, unlike an interesting subject for discussion, and little George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Dickens, or Thackdifferences in methods are sometimes enthusi- eray, never strikes one as being anxious to astically received or sometimes coldly scorned. | probe out the truth of things or as being That system seems best that advises that the thoughtful-that is, broadly, philosophically dishes be cleared off and piled up ready for | thoughtful. Perphaps it is this that makes her washing, the scraps burned or disposed of in | books seem so unpleasant. We could bear her some way, and the tables, stove, and floor doses-and their unpleasant taste-did they

ELSIE POMEROY MCELROY. HE HAD TO GO TO WORK.

The Trials of a Virginia Major Immediately

After the War. "Everybody knows about Col. Carter, of Carersville, and F. Hopkinson Smith, the man who presented the Colonel to an admiring public," says the New York World. "Here is a brand-new story of Mr. Smith's, which, alas, can only be half enjoyed in print, where it lacks his inimitable manner of telling it, and that dialect that the type cannot exactly

"I was in a hotel corridor in Washington some years ago, and I met one of those peculiarlooking individuals from Virginia, with typical slouched hat, hair rather long, with a low-cus vest, and with a pair of bombazine shoes," said Mr. Smith. "He wasn't a type of a man like my Colonel, dear old Col. Carter, but he happened to fill that exact type that the Northern people generally consider a Southerner to be. He was giving an account of his sufferings immediately after the war, and he said to me: You know, sub, that immediately aften the wah our people had gone through a great deal of misfortune. Our property had been wrested from us and our slaves had been freed, and it was necessary, suh, for some of our people to go to work. I want to tell you, suh, that, of course, the Yanceys never done any work since they landed in America, and our family, sub,

is some mo' than 40" years old. "'So when it became nec'sry for me, sub, to go to work, suh-(and when I tell you that my wife had no shoes to her feet and my chil'rea were also barefoot and had very little to eat, owing to some very ungentlemanly foreclosure proceedings which occurred just then, in which I was interested, you see that I just had to make up my mind to do somethin')-I thought I'd open a livery stable. Don't start, suh. I know you consider it a disgrace, but my chil'ren were barefooted. At that time there'd been a circus pass through our part of the country. The circus man had left two spavined horses up in Judge Barbour's lot, and the bill for their pasture, suh, was \$4.75. I borrowed Judge Keerfoot's notes for \$100, which, with my indorsements, suh, I sold for enough to pay the pasture bill for the two circus horses. Then I mortgaged the horses, and after feedin' them up I got enough to get a harness and a wagen. So by the end of the week I had a very good wagon to seat eight people, and the two horses and harness, and I started in the livery business, sub. I had not been in the business mo than two weeks befo' Col. Talcott's Black Sam came down to see me and said: "Maj. Yancey, there's going to be a ball down at Barbours-

"'That so?' to the ball.' "'What! take you eight niggers over to the

ball, you infernal scoundrel?' "'Major, don' get het up about it. Eight niggers at 50 cents apiece is fo' dollars." "Then I says to myself, 'Yancey, brace up. This is one of the great crises of your life. If you are ever going to support your family now is your chance.' I turned to Sam an' said: 'Bring on your mokes.' Well, that night, sub. he came down and he brought four bucks and four wenches. It was a very cold night, sub, a very cold night. I have not seen any such weather in that part of the State fo' years. I booked up the team an' drove over to Barboursville. The ball was over a grocery store. There was a grocery store below and a hall above, with a kind of balcony out of this upper place, and there was a ladder on the outside leading to the balcony above. After I tied up I got into the room. Perhaps you don't know

sure you, suh, that the atmosphere was well, oppressive. "I stood it as long as I could, an' then I shashayed between the balcony and the inside of the room, and finally went out on the balcony, catching my breath between times. When I'd been there a while I says, 'Brace up, Yancey; you're trying to support your family. There's no reason why you should die of pneumonia.

the effect of a room in which there are 75 or 80

niggers and two playing their fiddles at the

end of the room and a red hot stove in the

middle, sub. Of course you don't know the

effect of a thing of that kind, but I want to as-

Go in and sit down on a bench.' "I hadn't been there mo'n five minutes when Black Sam came up an' said : 'Maj. Yancey, would you've any objection to step out on the balcony, sur?' 'Why?' 'Because, sub, some of the ladies object to the smell of horse in your

clothes." Hope Springs Eternal. [Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

Miss Greenleaf-I suppose you don't believe n youthful marriages. Miss Yellowleaf-Yes, indeed I do! For many years I have been fully determined to